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Writing On The Wall

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Chapter 1 by DreamPuppy

When I was younger, there was a ruined building at the bottom of our street. All of the kids in the area were kept away from it because the rumor was it was haunted.

The concrete walls of the two-story building were cracked and crumbling. The windows were broken and shards of glass lay all over the floor inside.

One evening, as a test of courage, my best friend and I decided to explore the creepy old place.

We climbed in through a window in the back of the building. The whole place was dirty and there were layers of mud on the wooden floor. As we dusted ourselves off, we looked up and were shocked to see that someone had written the words "I AM DEAD" on the wall near the ceiling.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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